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The Cheerful Letter

Every place a church; every day the Lord's day; all events blessings; all joy thanksgiving; and all nature and life full of Good.—James Freeman Clarke.

Vol. XLIII NOVEMBER, 1934 No. 5

LAY ALL ON THE ALTAR OF SERVICE

"I, therefore, the prisoner of the Lord, beseech you that ye walk worthy of the vocation wherewith ye are called." Eph. iv:1.

If I were to mention what seems to me the supreme human virtue, an essential element of all great souls, and the foundation principle of all abiding human institution, I should sum it up in one word, loyalty. Perhaps you assent to this as a truism or platitude. Perhaps you do not assent. If not, I am aware that the admonition to be loyal can mean nothing to one who fails to understand the significance and the implications of loyalty in human life.

What do we mean when we ask men and women to be loyal? Loyalty embraces two things, and, unless a soul possesses both of these, I do not see how he can lay claim to this supreme quality.

The first essential is a recognition of some great cause. Until a man has perceived upon his horizon a great object that challenges his allegiance and support, he can feel no urge to loyalty. You remember the young man Isaiah's vision in the temple, when, overpowered by the holiness of God, he heard the call: "Whom shall I send, and who will go for us?" You know how he answered: "Here am I: send me." You know the summons that came to Jesus when he was bidden to go about his Father's business. The call arrested Paul as he journeyed along the Damascus road. In some form this call comes to all noble souls, and their response is the measure of their greatness — Lincoln, Florence Nightingale, Jane Addams and a thousand others. All these recognized the presence of something greater than self with the right to command allegiance.

This deep spring of loyalty is something different from ambition. Here is a man who sets out to amass a fortune and devotes his energies to acquiring wealth. Sacrifice for such an end should not be confused with loyalty of purpose. One must lose himself in a pursuit greater than self if he is to be a loyal soul.

And, second, when the call comes, there must be dedication to the cause that summons. Such was Isaiah's, "Here am I." Such was St. Paul's "I was not disobedient to the heavenly vision." Like Lincoln, large-hearted men in every age have seen, have felt, and then have been quick to answer. "Here is money. Here is strength of arm. Here are mind and brain. Here is my time. I lay them all on the altar of service."

Loyalty means the consecration of a man to a cause greater than self. Here is a man of affairs, one who enters business not merely for personal profit but to build up an enterprise that shall enrich the community. To it he gives his strength and devotion as a workman who needeth not to be ashamed. Here is a mother who sacrifices all to the family dearer to her than life. Here are those who spend themselves for friend, for party, for country, for church. The essence of loyalty is entire dedication. The dregs of one's resources have here no place. The loyal soul does not offer a nickel when he might give a thousand dollars. He contributes eagerly what he can. The loyal Christian does not attend church only when the weather is favorable. He knows that an empty sanctuary can do little in a living community.

You will agree with me that in all walks of life the element of loyalty

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means not only prosperity, but satisfaction, peace and power. Without it, there is no real heroism, no real success.

All this is very simple, you say. Perhaps it is not so simple as you think. Most men and women, it is true, have some master ambition, some cause for which they will sacrifice much. I know a man so the slave of a far-reaching commercial enterprise that for it he neglects family, friends and country. Many of us are interested in a multitude of things to all of which we would give a certain amount of energy. Too often their claims conflict, and so to many persons there come problems of divided loyalties. These constitute real difficulties that we must face. Suppose a man is devoted to his wife and children. Suddenly his country demands from him service that threatens even family ties. Suppose you are faithful to your employer's interests. Suddenly the union summons you to new choices. Hundreds now confront in many forms the question of divided loyalties.

I cannot tell you what to do in any given case, but I may suggest a principle that will help you in crises of decision. Compromise will get you nowhere. There is but one thing to remember. The loyalty to which we are called means devotion to the best. Ask yourself in every instance: In the light of all I know, facing reality, which of these claims is the highest? Do not forget that loyalty to your best self means faithfulness to your finest, highest self.

And so let us measure the past. We must not lose ourselves in fatuous adulation of our ancestry. Let us hold fast to what is good and fine in our traditions, in our family life, in our friends, in our country. To say, "My country, right or wrong" is to pander to weakness, not to exalt nobility.

Finally, loyalty to the church means devotion to the finest things in religion, letting all else pass. There is much to discourage us in church life, for Christians, after all, are human. But, forgetting the failure, mistakes and sins of the church, let us be loyal to its noble history, to the beautiful teachings and the holy lives that it has given to the world through the ages. Let us devote our time, our money and our energies to the loftiest of its aims. Thus we shall have increasing joy in being co-workers with the God of truth and righteousness.

—*From a Sermon* by *Rev. Arthur Herbert Coar.*

"THANKFUL FOR WHAT?"

By Edna Jacques

"Not for the mighty world, O Lord, tonight,
Nations and kingdoms in their fearful might—
Let me be glad the kettle gently sings,
Let me be thankful just for little things.

"Thankful for simple food and supper spread,
Thankful for shelter and a warm clean bed,
For little joyful feet that gladly run
To welcome me, when all my work is done.

"Thankful for friends who share my woe or mirth,
Glad for the warm sweet fragrance of the earth,
For golden pools of sunshine on the floor,
For love that sheds its peace about my door.

"For little friendly days that slip away,
With only meals and bed and work and play,
A rocking chair and kindly firelight—
For little things let me be glad tonight."

Order is Heaven's first law.

"GREAT THOUGHTS FROM THE RELIGIONS OF MANKIND"

II. Brahmanism

Brahmanism has been the religion of India for more than 3000 years. It is the faith of such individuals as Rhibendranath Tagore and Mahatma Gandhi. Unlike Christianity and other religions it has no individual as its founder. It is the religion of a group of individuals, known as the "Brahman Caste," who became the interpreters and promoters of religion for the people of India.

India, the land of mystery, is a land of unintelligible systems of beliefs. The coarsest superstitions are found side by side with philosophies as acute and spiritual as any in the world; for instance, the notion that sin can be atoned for by bathing in the Ganges or by repeating some mystic words found in their scriptures.

With an ideal belief in God as the ruling power in everything is united the opinion that Brahma could be driven from the throne of the Universe by any one who would sacrifice a sufficient number of wild horses.

In the story of Creation we read that, "In the beginning there was no entity nor non-entity; no world, no sky nor aught above it; nothing anywhere, involving or involved; nor water deep and dangerous. Death was not, and therefore no immortality, nor distinction of night or day. But God breathed calmly alone with Nature. Other than Him nothing existed which since has been. First desire was formed in His mind and that became the original productive seed; which the wise, recognizing it by the intellect in their hearts, distinguish as the bond between non-entity and entity.

"Who knows exactly and who shall in this world declare whence and why this creation took place? The gods are subsequent to the production of the world. Then who can know whence it proceeded or whence this varied world arose, or whether it upholds itself or not? He who is the highest heaven is the ruler of this Universe,— He knows or He does not Know."

We read that,—"The Dawn rose up, spreading far and wide and moving toward every one. She grew in brightness, wearing her brilliant garment. The mother of the morning rain clouds, the leader of the days, she shone gold-colored, lovely to behold. She the fortunate, who brings the eye of the God, who leads the white and lovely steed of the sun, the Dawn was seen, revealed by her rays; with brilliant treasures she follows every one.

"Thou, who art a blessing where thou art near, drive far away the unfriendly; make wide the pastures, give us safety! Remove the haters, bring treasures! Raise wealth to the worshipper, thou mighty Dawn. Shine for us with thy best rays, thou bright Dawn, thou who lengthenest our life, thou the love of all, who givest us food, who givest us wealth in cows, horses and chariots."

Here is a marvelous conception of their God, Brahma,—"The generation of Brahma was before all ages, unfolding himself evermore in a beautiful glory; everything which is highest and everything which is deepest belongs to him. Being and Not-being are unveiled through Brahma. How can anyone teach concerning Brahma? He is neither known nor the unknown. That which cannot be expressed in words but through which all expression comes, this I know to be Brahma. That which cannot be thought by the mind but through which all thinking comes, this I know to be Brahma. That which cannot be seen with the eye but through which the eye sees, this I know to be Brahma."

—Rev. Frederic W. Smith.

INANIMATE THINGS

The never-changing welcome
Of inanimate things
Rewards the present owner
When possession brings
The keen delight in knowing
That their loyal faces
Can never frown nor turn aside
From still accustomed places.

—Donald Page.

CORRESPONDENTS AND APPEALS

MRS. JOHN A. MCCADDIN, *Chairman*, 21 Ashfield Street, Roslindale, Mass.

A correspondent writing to the Exchange for the first time should always give as reference the name and address of her minister.

When a correspondent moves to a new address, notice should be sent to Headquarters, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., and to those persons who have been sending letters and reading matter.

It is necessary to state positively that the Cheerful Letter Exchange is not a "clothing bureau" and not a "charitable" society in the usual sense of the word.

It is contrary to the rules of the Cheerful Letter Exchange to allow any one to make use of its magazine by addressing letters asking for money, clothing, or other articles, to those whose names are printed in the paper. This prohibition includes requests to borrow money and the offering of articles for sale. The name of any person who disobeys this rule will be dropped from the list, and any one who receives a request of this description is desired by the Central Committee to return no answer, but to enclose the letter at once to the Chairman of this Department.

Many people do care for just the kind of friendly service for which we are organized. We limit our efforts to them and their wishes.

APPEALS

1. When I was a child, I used to hear from some of the *Cheerful Letter* friends. Now, I am 17 yrs. old and married. We live in an out-of-the-way place, a mile from the post office. I miss all my brothers and sisters and get very lonely while my husband is at work, and any kind of cheer would be greatly appreciated. Mrs. Ila Watson Hefner, Rupert, Ark.

2. I want to thank all who have sent me reading and quilt pieces, and I certainly will be grateful for any sewing material, quilt scraps, left-over thread, and reading matter which anyone could pass on. I have two children, a girl, 9 yrs. old, and a boy, 2 yrs. old. My husband has been in the hospital since April, and it gets very lonely here. Mrs. Harry T. McDaniel, Rt. 1, Box 129, Amherst, Va.

3. Miss Madie Walters, Rt. 1, Athens, Tex., would like some cotton scraps, cretonne or print, to make quilts, or wool or cotton thread to crochet. She is anxious to make a counter-pane. The only place she ever goes is to the mail box.

4. It has been quite a while since I have heard from any of you. I would like any kind of cheer, especially quilt scraps and reading. My boys, 7 and 8 yrs. old, would love some funny papers and puzzles. I surely do thank my good friends for the cheer they have sent us for the last two years at Christmastime, and hope we may be remembered again this Christmas. Mrs. Edna Smith, Rupert, Ark.

5. Miss Alma Watkins, Rt. 2, Box 95, Wadesboro, N. C., is 14 yrs. old and in the ninth grade at school. She gets very lonesome in the country, and would appreciate some good reading.

6. I would like some cheer in my home as we live way back in the mountainous country, 7 miles from the post office, 5 miles from church, and 3 miles from the nearest neighbor. I have four small children, ages 8, 6, 4 and 2 yrs. I would appreciate something for the children, also quilt pieces, crochet thread and magazines. Mrs. Nannie Anglin, Rt. 3, Stella, Va.

7. Mrs. Della M. Clay, Rt. 2, Malakoff, Tex., writes that she and her two little girls have been sick and would like any kind of good reading. She could use some flour sacks for towels, also thread and quilt scraps and stationery. She wishes to thank the one that sends her the *Cheerful Letter*.

8. May we help each other with a kind word, especially those that get downhearted. I want to thank the one who is sending me the little magazine. It helps to brighten our minds when we feel blue. I would be glad to get some other reading, and anything one wishes to send. I am a mother of six children. Mrs. J. O. Norwood, Rt. 1, Athens, Tenn.

9. I live in the mountains, a long way from neighbors, and I get lonesome at times. I have three children, 7, 5, and 2 yrs. old. I would love to receive sewing material, bits of thread, stamped pieces, or books and papers for the children. Mrs. R. E. Long, Rupert, Ark.

10. Mrs. Cutler Hill, Lawsonville, N. C., would like to be remembered at Christmas. She would like books, magazines, stationery, pencils and crayons for the school children. Patchwork pieces, yarn, thread or any kind of sewing would be greatly appreciated.

11. My children love books of adventure, and I could use some quilt scraps. They have had scarcely any kind of cheer the last few years at Christmas so are hoping to be remembered this year. Mrs. Emmaline Crain, Rupert, Ark.

12. We live on rented land and anything the dear friends could send would cheer us along life's way so much. I would be glad to have quilt pieces, thread, good reading matter, or anything to help my four boys in their school work. We all enjoy looking at the pictures in the *Boston Herald* as we have no way to go places. Mrs. Lelah Mabe, Lawsonville, N. C.

13. Mrs. J. P. Wann, Rt. 4, Wills Point, Tex., desires reading matter to make the long winter months less lonely. She and her husband are well along in years, their children are married, and they are alone on the farm. Such magazines as "Better Homes and Gardens," "Needlecraft," "Woman's Home Companion," travel magazines and "Field and Stream" would be very welcome.

14. I would appreciate quilt scraps, embroidery thread, books and papers for myself. My two little girls are 2 and 3 yrs. old, and enjoy looking at cards and picture books. Mrs. Alice Watson Armistead, Lost Corner, Ark.

15. Mrs. R. J. Blevins, Rugby, Va., would like to get some silk scraps to finish some chair pillows, or old stockings to make hooked rugs as winter is nigh and the children are at school. Pencils and paper would be helpful to her 10 and 12 yr. old boys.

16. I shall be glad of a few sacks, quilt pieces or thread as I live in the mountains and hardly ever see anybody. My children are all in school. Mrs. Kittie Turner, Rt. 2, Stuart, Va.

17. I live 82 miles from any of my people and I do not know many people here. I have five boys, from 9 to 17 yrs. old, who would appreciate magazines and books. I expect to be confined in November, and would be grateful for some quilt scraps to pass the long days. Mrs. Lidie Staton, 122 Church St., Thomasville, N. C.

18. Mrs. Bettie Hundey, Rt. 2, Stuart, Va., wishes to thank the *Cheerful Letter* friends for the cheer they have sent her as she is very old and feeble. She would like some quilt pieces, thread or reading matter.

OFFER

Apply to Chairman of Cheerful Letter Exchange, 25 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

1. Introductory Course in Japanese. McCauley.
2. Italian Journeys. Howells.
3. First Greek Book. White.
4. Pickwick Papers. Dickens.
5. Tale of Two Cities. Dickens.
6. Hard Times. Dickens.
7. Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush. Ian MacLaren.
8. The Days of Auld Lang Syne. Ian MacLaren.
9. Qualitative Analysis. Baskville and Curtman.
10. Dana's Manual of Geology.
11. Wm. Lloyd Garrison and His Times. Oliver Johnson.
12. Favorite Poems.
13. Crudens Concordance of Old and New Testaments.

(*over*)

14. Webster's Dictionary.
15. Elementary Lessons in Astrology. Lockyer.
16. Ants—Bees—Wasps. Lubbock.
17. The Vicar of Wakefield. Oliver Goldsmith.

STRANGE "SHOES" IN BULGARIA

Most Bulgarians do not wear shoes. This does not mean that they go barefooted, but that many wear something else on their feet besides shoes—and it is not boots. Those are worn by Hungarians, Croatians and Russians. The Bulgarian is more economical. If you see any one in his country wearing boots you may be sure he is a foreigner.

What the Bulgarian has sought in foot gear is cheapness and durability. And not in vain. As I write you can buy a new pair of shoes on the Sofia market for 10 cents. This is a record for the western world. The wooden "sabots" of France and Holland are very cheap, to be sure, but they cannot compete with Bulgarian "nalums."

These nalums might be described as low and comfortable stilts; as civilized stilts! Stilts are very useful contrivances, forming an essential part of the equipment of Bulgarian shepherds and herdsmen. You may often see such persons striding over rivers and through swamps on them.

Of course the women in towns and villages do not need to be so much exalted as shepherds, since they do not ford rivers nor wade in swamps, but they continually have to navigate through very slushy yards and along roads and streets filled with mud. So they use domestic stilts, that is, a pedal under each foot, the toe and heel of which rest on blocks two or three inches high and an inch thick. A strap over the toe of the pedal holds it into the foot.

This sandal always sits just outside the door of the house, and when the women leave, they slip their feet under the toe straps and go clattering and clumbering off with a darting motion like that of skaters, but completely devoid of grace. On returning they leave their shoes at the door, and step into the house in their stocking feet.

During past centuries the Bulgarians considered it decidely out of place to enter a house with their shoes on, and to this day it hurts a Bulgarian's conscience terribly to pass your threshold with his rubbers on! That is one of the good traditions he got from the Orient.

It goes without saying that a nalum is a crude and clumsy creation—it looks like a little board resting on two little boxes, although of course it is sawed from one hunk of wood. Nobody, however economical and frugal, enjoys ugliness, so the master craftsman long ago set out to add a bit of form and beauty to these primitive clogs. They gave curves and grace to the heel, pointed the prow and spread out the support under the toe so as to make it resemble a very thick sole. They also painted the visible parts with some bright color, preferably yellow, and worked a few fancy figures in the strap.

In addition to that, under the influence of rich and dainty Turkish women who wore much lace, exquisite velvet jackets and rich silk bloomers, the sandal masters replaced the toe strap with silk cloth, which was enlarged so as to cover the whole front of the foot. They also made the wooden part very fine and delicate, and brightened it all with gold and ivory ornaments.

Then it was no longer a clumsy nalum but a "chehal," not a sandal but a slipper, or rather a half slipper, consisting of a sole and a toe. And the best Bulgarian craftsmen made the Turkish belles hundreds of "chehals," which for brightness, grace and elegance were equal to the finest shoes made at present in the capitals of Europe.

The Bulgarian men have worn neither nalums nor shehals, but "tsarvouls" and "iminiyas," that is moccasins, and coarse, black slippers. Moccasins in Bulgaria are extremely simple, just a piece of tanned pigskin tied about the foot with leather thongs. The eminiyas required much more work, though they were little more than strips of sole leather sewed by

hand to very simply constructed uppers. Of course, they were fitted over wooden forms and usually assumed a shape almost as much like a shoe as like a flat boat. For decades they were the foot gear of the leading men in town. And the masters who made them and tanned the leather for them were among the richest of the craftsmen.

But just as these masters had climbed up to a quite stable social and economic world there drifted into the quiet, obscure, little mountain towns young artisans who had traveled and traded in Constantinople and Roumania and who thought that shoes could be made with wooden tacks. Those rather slick and sporty boys were the joke of the country for a while with their strange tick-tack, tick-tack, and their curious wooden pegs, which clearly could not hold two pieces of leather together, and on rainy days would leave the rash people who were so foolish as to trust in them walking through the mud in their stocking feet! This prospective sight caused the sewing masters great hilarity, and they bantered the boys with such questions as: "Well, how are the little pegs makin' it today?"

But to their consternation the little pegs made it astoundingly well. They held all the better in wet weather, and the shoes created by the peg masters were cheaper, prettier, and much more in demand than the old "arks" with the clumsy seams. So a revolution in shoemaking followed, and in all the shoe shops in all the mountain towns all day long you heard men pounding little wooden pegs into awl holes. And thus Bulgarian shoes are made to this day.—R. H. MARKHAM in *Christian Science Monitor.*

A very preoccupied lady sat next to a bald headed man at a large dinner. In the course of the meal she dropped her napkin without noticing it.

He stooped to pick it up, and in so doing, brushed his head against her arm.

Feeling the touch, she turned quickly and seeing *only the top of his head,* said, "Thank you, no melon!"

—*Christian Science Monitor.*

ESKIMO CLOTHING FOR LINDY'S WIFE

Eskimo women who were thrilled with the flying wife of the famous airman when Mr. and Mrs. Lindbergh were here last year on their flight to Europe are working with their hands and teeth on a special native festival outfit for her.

It may not fit exactly, because the women have judged her size from her photographs and their recollection of what measurements she probably uses in her dresses.

The costume will take a considerable period to make and then it will be shipped, late in August, by the Danish supply boat when it makes its annual trip here. This boat is the only regular contact with the outside world which the people here count on.

The Danish trading manager's Eskimo wife is in charge of the work. Extra good quality skins are being used. A bead collar will have an intricate pattern on which two pounds of tiny glass beads will be used.

An anorak or blouse will have a broad band of pearl embroideries on the sleeves. There will be sealskin shorts which will be put together with seal sinews split and rolled into tiny threads, and embroidered in front with white dog skin and tiny strips of colored skins.

Long red sealskin boots (kamiks) reaching nearly to the hips will have an inner sock with the hair inside and a top of sealskin reaching above the outer boot.

The Eskimo women have processed the skins with their teeth. First the skins are stretched and put out in the snow to freeze. Afterwards the skin is thawed and frozen again until their color leaves and they are white.

These white skins then are dyed red. A broad strip of white skin with a beautiful, colored pattern is inserted in front.

Home-made skin knives and bone needles are used by the native women who work in the tiny sod huts. Life is still primitive among the East Greenlanders.—*Clipped.*

EDUCATING NEEDY DELHI WOMEN

Among the problems facing sociologists and others working on behalf of the poor in Delhi is the fact that the poverty is so extreme that those being aided are unable to help themselves in any way that will better the conditions in which they live or assist those who are working in their interest.

It is revealed, for instance, that women whose lives are lived on the verge of beggary are unable to acquire training in any work that would enable them to follow skilled activities along feminine lines; there are some women whose upbringing has been in such an environment of illiteracy and poverty that even such things as the handling of needle and thread are outside the range of their abilities.

The betel-nut seller who earns annas (2 cents) a day has certainly nothing over when his wife and children are fed; and the woman whose life has been spent in the direst poverty is wholly unqualified to augment the miserable pittance which her husband may earn for a long day's labor. It is contended by those who work among such women, however, that given the necessary training many of them can do much to help the family exchequer in a manner calculated to better the condition in which they exist.

Work among such women has consequently to be done from altruistic motives and virtually from a charitable basis. Many of the Indian women who devote time and money to such projects find that even those women who are willing to assist have first to be trained to theories of service. Indeed, a certain form of "charitable exchange" is employed by one Delhi woman in relation to her assistant in the work. The assistant teaches sewing and kindred crafts to poor women in return for lessons in English, which she receives from the woman employing her.

There is one school in Delhi where widows and young wives are trained in those elementary home crafts which women in more advanced countries pursue in the natural course of their upbringing. In the main, it is the poorest women of the city who attend this school, which meets each afternoon between noon and 4 o'clock, when the women are free from household duties. Many of the women in the classes had never handled a sewing or a knitting needle until they received this instruction.

Mrs. Sohan Lal, who organized this school, has been so successful in the work that the Delhi municipal authorities are now responsible for the salaries of two teachers, although the school was started on a charitable basis in a tiny house that was loaned by a Hindu woman for the purpose. Sewing, needlework, drawn-thread work, and tinsel work are the chief subjects in which the women are trained, and many who had never used a needle before are now able to carry out work on the dresses and costumes of wealthy Delhi citizens and earn wages which, although tiny, are of tremendous worth in the home.

The Urdu and Hindi languages, arithmetic and writing are also taught along elementary lines, to an extent that enables the women to keep household accounts or write a simple letter.

Compared with European and American standards the results accomplished at this school are meager, but the significance of the work is immense. According to Mrs. Sohan Lal, who is a Christian, a Hindu business man who contributed funds toward the work, on one occasion visited the school and was so impressed with the project that he asked Mrs. Sohan Lal to establish a second school, for which he made himself financially responsible. An attractive house, with marble floors and of a character that some of the women students had never before seen, was placed at the disposal of the group.

Mrs. Sohan Lal and a young Indian woman are the teachers of the school and the business man has placed a dharzi (tailor) at the command of the teachers, so as to further the work of dressmaking and sewing. Like the school which has been taken over by the mu-

nicipality, the women being trained are drawn from those ranks of the people who are not to be reached by any other form of education.

Owing to the religious question, the women of these two schools are of the Hindu persuasion, as Muhammadan women, whose need for such training is equally great, would not attend classes conducted on Hindu premises. This feature, however, is likely to be eliminated from the school which the city has taken over, as efforts are being made to hold the classes in municipally owned property. Extension of the work among Muhammadan women will consequently follow.

An important phase of this activity lies in the fact that the training these women obtain is being passed along to their daughters in the home. From this point of view the project is peculiarly significant, as mothers are being taught to appreciate the value of education for their children.

The regret of social workers in Delhi is that only the fringe of the situation is being touched by the agencies which are operating, largely because of the general poverty prevailing and partly owing to the lack of workers. At the same time, it is admitted that a developing interest is being shown by Indian women in this educational experiment.

The criticism is frequently heard in India that Indians themselves do very little to better the conditions or circumstances of the very poor. To some extent this criticism is being met by a developing interest which is now being shown by wealthier Indians toward the lot of the masses. Prior to the opening of the civil disobedience movement by the Indian National Congress many Indian women took an active interest in Mrs. Sohan Lal's schools; most of these women, however, were put in prison as a result of their political activities. During their imprisonment Mrs. Sohan Lal carried on the work virtually alone, although one English woman and an Indian teacher gave her considerable assistance. —*Christian Science Monitor.*

WHY IS PREACHING SO FRUITLESS?

Because the Jesus Way of Life Encounters Human Selfishness

The preaching of Jesus did not produce the result He aimed at and hoped for. It interested thousands. It impressed other thousands. But it did not persuade many to leave all things and follow Him—to seek first the Kingdom of Heaven. But the vision of Christ was not confined to His own time or His own nation. He looked down the ages. He saw the nations of today as clearly as He saw His own and saw the nations which may rise and fall as clearly as He saw ours. Yes, Jesus saw us; He saw me! He saw me in the innocence of childhood and then He saw my youth and my age. The question for us to ask ourselves is this: What kind of a garden did Jesus and does Jesus now see in us. Is it a garden of fruits and flowers or is it a garden of weeds? In it he planted good seed. If there are thorns and briars they are there in spite of Him. We may say, "An enemy hath done this." That is the truth. But who is the enemy? No enemy can enter our garden without our leave. No enemy can prevail upon us. We have free will. We can resist every tempter and every temptation. Though all the powers of darkness be arrayed against us, though they lay siege to our soul, we are secure. Nothing but consent can give them entrance. If, therefore, our garden is a waste; if it is littered with the debris of dissipation, self-indulgence, injustice and strewn with the bitter briars of ill-will and the slimy pools of sloth and indifference, the fault is our own. They say, Why is preaching fruitless? We answer, Why was the life of Jesus Christ so ineffective? He came offering salvation but men would not accept it when they found that it entailed following Him—when they found that the price of glory was self-denial and devotion.

—*Clipped.*

He loses not, nor wins, who never fights.

Speaking comes by nature; silence by understanding.

WITH OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

A PRINCE IN THE MAKING

History has shown that it is not a help but a hindrance to a young man to find himself Prince of Wales, to be always in the public eye, to have no choice as to his career, to be largely denied the frank friendship and honest competition which make youth a joy. Without doubt these are severe handicaps, yet Edward, Prince of Wales, has overcome them.

Let us see how it has been done.

When David, as he is known at home, was a little boy his parents realized the value to a young man of having to make his own way, and they foresaw that in this century the royal family would be drawn into a far more intimate relationship with the people than had been possible before. Neither King George nor Queen Mary had been in the immediate succession to the Throne in their youth; they had both known something of the ordinary difficulties of human life, and they had both gained, through earnest effort, a deep insight into the problems of simple people. While, therefore, it was necessary for David to learn the special duties of a prince, they determined that he should have every opportunity to become a normal Englishman.

For seven years the little boy enjoyed to the full the happy home-life of a growing family. The Queen very rightly insisted that he should be a child among children as long as possible. His early lessons were learned from his mother's old governess, Madame Bricka, from the village schoolmaster at Sandringham, and from a visiting French master, M. Hua. Then began his long preparation for his life-work under Mr. H. P. Hansell, a public school master, who prepared him and his brother Albert for the competitive entrance examination to the Royal Naval College at Osborne, and continued with him until he left Oxford.

As far as was possible, Mr. Hansell gave the boys the same all-round training and discipline which they would have had at any good school, with this difference, that the lessons had to be learned even more thoroughly. The two brothers won their way into Osborne, where they were treated exactly like other boys, except that Mr. Hansell gave the Prince extra lessons on special subjects. The brothers chose their own friends, made their own way, and eventually graduated, first to the Royal Naval College at Dartmouth, and then, as midshipmen, into the Royal Navy. Their training had given them, not only a good general education, but a thorough grounding in practical engineering, which was to stand them in good stead later on when they were both thrown into intimate contact with factory workers.

All this time the elder of the two had had to fulfill a double task. He had to meet all the strenuous demands of an English public school, and, from time to time, face exacting public ceremonies, such as the King's coronation, his own installment as Knight of the Garter, and his investiture as Prince of Wales at Carnarvon Castle. He felt the severity of the effort, and it was with real joy that he flung himself into the life of a midshipman on a battleship. Here, at last, he could really be his own age!

The Prince longed to follow his father's career as a naval officer; but part of his training was the constant putting aside of his own desires, and after three months at sea, during which he showed himself as smart and mischievous a middy as the navy can produce, he had to return to his education ashore.

Like his grandfather, the Prince was to go to Oxford, but under totally different circumstances. Instead of living apart, he was to occupy rooms in college and be an ordinary undergraduate. A year was spent in preparation for the university, partly in France, where, besides improving his French, he came to value the warm and genial atmosphere of a French home. The English, as a rule, are apt to be too restrained and afraid of showing their feelings. In France the Prince found encouragement for his own native gift for spontaneous

friendliness, and in consequence, was able to fit into the life of Oxford in a way he could hardly have done had he gone there straight from the navy.

Oxford introduced him to his fellow Englishmen on a wide scale. He entered fully and freely into the work, games and fun of undergraduate life. When the World War suddenly interrupted his studies, he acted as did every other young man of mettle and pressed his claims to immediate service at sea or abroad. But here his handicap was severe. The authorities refused to take the risk.

Up to this point he had been following the course mapped out by his parents; now he asserted himself. He began to carve out the career which has set a new standard for royalty and made him the leader of the nation's youth. By sheer persistence he won his right to serve overseas as an officer in the Guards, only to find that he had been allotted to the staff of the Commander-in-Chief. Determined to be in the danger-zone he became known as "Dynamite Wales" because of his constant tendency to "go off." By the end of the war he had rendered distinguished service in France, and seen both the Italian and Egyptian fronts. More important, he had shared the hardships of men from every part of the Empire, and come to know and admire them. Thus he laid the foundations for that remarkable capacity for world-wide friendship which has distinguished his career.

Through his war service, as he has himself said, he found his manhood. He went to France a youth, and returned a man, to play an active part in caring for the disabled, in managing his estates, in cementing the bonds of Empire, in promoting foreign trade, and in encouraging every kind of work on behalf of boys. At the front and on his exacting journeys he won the trust and affection of the far-flung peoples of the British Commonwealth. Yet he is still a young man, and is his happiest among boys, at boys' clubs, at schools or at Scout camps.

At times of especial trial, such as the winter of 1928-29, the Prince's deep kindness and tireless energy made him a leader in relieving distress, and in quickening new hope and courage. It was said of his visit to the distressed coal fields in 1929, "The Prince does not do these things merely from a sense of duty. He acts on the promptings of his heart. That is why, wherever he goes where there is suffering, he is able to leave some healing, helpful influence behind."

A man's success in life, if it be true success, is never an accident. He makes and takes his own opportunities.

—By G. F. TIMPSON in *Christian Science Monitor.*

THE BEST MEMORY SYSTEM

"Forget each kindness that you do as soon as you have done it;
Forget the praise that falls to you the moment you have won it;
Forget the slander that you hear before you can repeat it;
Forget each slight, each spite, each sneer, wherever you may meet it.
Remember every kindness done to you, whate'er its measure;
Remember praise by others won and pass it on with pleasure;
Remember every promise made and keep it to the letter;
Remember those who lend you aid and be a grateful debtor.
Remember all the happiness that comes your way in living;
Forget each worry and distress, be hopeful and forgiving;
Remember good, remember truth, remember heaven's above you,
And you will find, through age and youth, that many hearts will love you."

(A favorite poem of John D. Rockefeller.)

"Life is a place of service, and in that service one has to suffer a great deal that is hard to bear, but more often to experience a great deal of joy. But that joy can be real only if people look upon their life as a service, and have a definite object in life outside themselves and their personal happiness." —*Tolstoi.*

THE HOUSEKEEPERS

By Helen Cowles Le Crou

A little dream keeps house with me—
Outside, the surge and flow
Of city throngs, of wind, of sea—
The world the great ones know.

But we—we wash the cups and spoons
And make the copper shine,
And knit, on sunny afternoons
Beside the trumpet-vine.

We smile at many a secret joke;
We weed the lettuce bed.
We sweep the hearth and pause to stroke
The snow-white kitten's head.

The neighbors hear our songs, and say,
"How queer some folks can be!"
They wonder what can keep us gay,
My little dream and me.

But I am wise, and therefore know,
For sewing up a seam
Or keeping cupboard shelves just so,
There's nothing like a dream!

She had driven past a red light, then stalled her car in the midst of heavy traffic, made a left turn against the light, and finally pulled over to the curb and started to park by a hydrant.

A policeman rushed over to her. "Lady!" he shouted, "are you familiar with *any* of the rules governing drivers?"

She looked up at him with a lovely smile.

"Why, yes, officer," she said, "what would you like to know?"

—*Christian Science Monitor.*

To be a *picture* of health, keep in a good *frame* of mind.

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE

Mrs. Harry A. Stevens, *Chairman*, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.
Miss Ethel L. Hersey, *Secretary*, Hingham, Mass.
Miss Edith L. Jones, *Treasurer*, 11 Dana Street, Cambridge, Mass.

Meetings at 25 Beacon Street, Boston, at 10.30 A.M. the first Friday of each month from October to May inclusive.

ITS PURPOSE

To cheer and comfort those who are ill, lonely, or discouraged, and to give to those living far from a church some of the inspiration of the printed word by the publication of one good sermon, or similar article in each issue of the *Cheerful Letter Magazine.* Only such simple religious truths and principles as are agreed upon by all churches are printed.

To help those who live far from schools, or who wish to continue their studies by means of correspondence with a teacher.

To establish Circulating Libraries in isolated communities, schools, and colleges in rural and mountain districts where public libraries and other educational privileges are not available.

WHERE TO WRITE

Letters containing subscriptions to the paper, fifty cents a year, and *money from the Sunshine Bags* should be sent to the Cheerful Letter Exchange, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Checks or postal orders should be made payable to the Cheerful Letter Exchange.

Letters asking for correspondents and appeals to be printed in the Cheerful Letter Magazine should be sent to Mrs. John A. McCaddin, *Chairman,* 21 Ashfield Street, Roslindale, Mass.

Letters asking for help in studying at home, and *requests from teachers and mothers who desire educational assistance,* should be sent to Mrs. Charles P. Dillaby, 60 Aldworth Street, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

Letters about the establishment of Circulating Libraries should be sent to Mrs. Henry R. Bowser, *Chairman,* 20 Clark Road, Wellesley Hills, Mass. A circulating Library will be started in any small community that is in need of one, if proper location and care can be furnished and satisfactory references given.

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